

THE NEW DENTIST

By MILDRED WHITE.

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"I reckon the girls will be glad," said Miss Stebbins.

"Caleb has been the only unmarried man in town for so long, that they've been about discouraged. And you know, Linda, you never would let Caleb take up with anybody, no matter how much he'd been a mind to."

Belinda Carson smiled grimly.

"If Caleb had a wanted a girl," she replied, "I couldn't stop him. But he didn't. They's all too heter-skelter for him. He'd rather set home an' study than dance around evenings to the corners. And the bold ones that come here pretendin' to see me, disgusted him. Course, he never said so right out, but when I'd tell him, 'Brother, my rheumatism is worse tonight, but if you really feel you ought take that silly extravagant creature home, why do it,' Caleb would answer, 'no Belinda, every time.'"

Miss Stebbins chuckled.

"Knew he'd have to stand your hysterics after he got home if he took her," she said dryly.

"You know, well's I do, Linda, that it's your weakness working on his kind heart that holds him."

"To bad, too," the friend added dryly, "your brother would make a good husband for some girl. But as I was sayin' they've all give up the idea long ago. And now that this new dentist has rented Ball's house, the girls is beginnin' to set up an' take notice."

"Anybody seen him?" asked Belinda interested.

"I see some good-looking man," her friend responded, "fittin' a key in the front door as I came along. Big and city-fied lookin'. Had a satchel in his hand. Went right in as if he was to home."

Miss Belinda rocked excitedly.

"How that Kitty Wells will fix up and gad around now. Seems as if she was the hardest to discourage about Caleb."

"Good-by," said Belinda. There was little news of the new dentist. Ball house was far away in it's walled-in garden, and those who ventured inside did not seek out the garulous Miss Stebbins. The latest information that she could bring to her friend, was that the good-looking young man whom she had noticed entering the Ball house, clipped the grass regularly as she passed, or might be seen evenings flying past in a closed motor car.

Caleb came into the room as the friends talked. He stood looking down at his crippled old sister.

"Linda, he spoke gentle, 'I am going out, but I will not stay long.'"

"Where?" she querulously inquired.

Caleb smiled.

"To the dentist's," he said.

Belinda regarded him with unaccustomed sympathy.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I reckon you can't hurry away from there."

Her brother laughed.

"I can't, and that's a fact," he said.

Miss Stebbins gazed after him thoughtfully.

"So Caleb's havin' his teeth fixed," she said. "Well, I wondered what's been makin' him better lookin'. Sort o' perked up, or more important or something. Seen him swingin' down street today smilin' right an' left, an' come to think his teeth did shine out whiter than I ever noticed. Mebbe he an' this dentist fellow will be friends."

"Who," she asked presently, "did you say that pretty girl was—that you saw drivin' with the doctor?"

"I didn't say," replied Miss Stebbins, "because I didn't know. But a woman I pointed the girl out to told me she'd come on from the city."

"Shouldn't think Caleb could get much work done to the dentist's, evenings."

"It's been the only time he could take," Belinda responded.

"They been busy at the bank, lately."

Down the road came a small closed car. In it sat, with strange new confidence Caleb Carson, at his side and driving the car was a very pretty and apparently capable young woman. The two alighted, to the amazement of their watchers, and ascended the porch steps; then Caleb led the girl into the room.

"Belinda," he said in the gentle tone he kept for her, "I want you to know Rosalie Dale. Rosalie has promised to become my wife. She is known to people here as Doctor Dale, the dentist."

"Your wife," gasped Belinda. "The dentist," exclaimed Miss Stebbins.

"Then who," she asked quickly, "was the young man I've seen driving her about?"

"That," answered the smiling Rosalie, "is my student brother. He drives out from college in the city to see me every day."

Belinda found her voice.

"Well, when you are off married," she crisply asked her brother, "who do you calculate is going to stay an' take care o' me?"

Caleb glanced toward the openly-delighted Miss Stebbins.

"I thought," he suggested, "that your friend might be persuaded to stay here—with you."

"All right, Caleb," agreed Miss Stebbins. "I reckon Belinda an' me can fight it out together."

Impulsively Rosalie crossed to the invalid's chair.

"Caleb and I will always be near you," she said, "you are our sister, we shall never forget that."

THIS BIRD REAL POLLYANNA

No Imaginable Adverse Circumstance Can Keep "Cucubero" From His Fit of Laughter.

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The real Pollyanna of the feathered tribes has just arrived at the bird house in Central park, for if any one can bear up under the name of Cucubero and still keep cheerful, it shows one of those persistently gay natures that nothing can mitigate. Of course, Cucubero has won a better deal from the public at large than he did from the ornithologists who saddled him with his gloomy scientific appellation, for the people of Australia, where he comes from, recognize his propensity to "Keep Smiling" by calling him the "Laughing Jackass."

And, equally, of course, he has earned this soubriquet, for he is reported to thrive on vast quantities of water—no matter what other beverages are available—and to have a habit of laughing before he gets up, an hour or so before sunrise. Now, any one who can laugh an hour before dawn on just plain water—even Pollyanna and her followers never did anything so blatantly cheerful as that.

This kingfisher bird, for that is his family, is sometimes hailed as the settlers' clock, because of his regularity in bursting out into a spasm of wild, ribald laughter, that surpasses any alarm clock in rousing the inhabitants of the Australian bush, while it is more than probable that a relapse into this fiendish merriment that takes him about sunset serves for the dwellers in the hinterland as a dinner bell, cathedral chimes, and factory whistle, all in one. They show their gratitude by making a pet of him and protecting him in his merry chorus—New York Post.

SPAIN GAVE WALES DAFFODIL

First Flowers Said to Have Been Received in Exchange for a Consignment of Coal.

According to an old legend, the first batch of daffodils ever seen in Wales reached there in return for a consignment of coal. The daffodil is indigenous to the Bilboa district, some of whose seafaring inhabitants were about two thousand years ago conveyed by the flow of the Gulf stream to Pembrokeshire. There they saw the inhabitants digging what is now known as anthracite, and making fires with it. They also noted that the Welsh were sun worshippers. Taking some of the anthracite back with them, the Spaniards realized its immense superiority over charcoal for the purpose of smelting iron ore, for which the country round Bilboa was celebrated even in those days, so an expedition was organized to procure further supplies from Wales.

As barter for the "black stones" the Spaniards took a consignment of daffodil bulbs, because they thought that people who worshipped the sun would be impressed by the beauty of this flower as it unfolded itself and displayed its form and color, and that in its corona and radiating petals they would see reflected the glory of the sun. Thus used as barter and carefully cultivated by the ancient inhabitants of Wales, the daffodil eventually became the floral emblem of the country.

Pity the Telephone Girl.

One hundred telephone calls a minute, as is usual after any sporting event, were coming in over the wires at the News office after the Kentucky Derby. The majority of the calls were inquiries as to the results of the race, which was won by Behave Yourself in 2:04 1-5.

One enthusiastic baseball fan asked the telephone operator who won the game between the Indians and the Colonels.

"Behave Yourself," was the answer, and a cracked receiver at the other end of the line was the reply.

A little later some one asked how the race was at the quarter.

Another became indignant when the girl replied: "Behave Yourself," thinking she was "kidding" him.—Indianapolis News.

Colonial Styles Endure.

In many parts of this country there has been a decided tendency among manufacturers of furniture to comb European mansions, palaces and museums for possible inspiration in the domestic arts, and apparently oblivious to the fact that we have in America what generally is considered one of the most graceful, simple and beautiful types of decorative art—that of the colonial period. That this style is æsthetic and of intrinsic value, artistic and useful, has been abundantly proved.

That manufacturers have been wise in modifying extreme period designs to meet modern conditions in this country seems pretty well established.

Woman Juror Caused Trouble.

The question as to whether women will make successful "jurymen" has been raised in England by the recent collapse of a woman juror in a Manchester court. The woman became ill and almost swooned during the hearing of a charge of malicious wounding. She finally collapsed, had to leave the court and a substitute had to be found. Of course, the trial had to begin all over again.

Bread of Idleness.

Wife (gladly)—Thank goodness, John, the five-cent loaf has come back again.

Husband (sadly)—Yes, and so has the five-dollar loaf—the boss laid a lot of us off today.—Boston Transcript.

A GOOD IMPULSE

By MOLLIE MATHER.

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Listeners, it is said, seldom hear good of themselves. But Natalie had no intention to listen. She had merely come up from the hot beach to rest before dressing for dinner. Neither was it Natalie's fault that the corner of the veranda had a jutting wall making a second secluded corner nearby. Here sat two rocking old ladies. "It is too bad," old Mrs. Gunther said, "that Natalie Brooks hasn't a thought in the world beyond her own good looks and good times. That girl seems to just dance through the world, and somebody, usually, pays the piper."

"Well," old Mrs. Dean submitted, "Natalie's father made his pile before he died, and as her mother lives even a more luxurious life than her daughter, no one appears to suffer from her irresponsibility—except herself."

The women arose and moved away. "Self centered?" Yes, she had been—always. Natalie could see that, but everything conspired to make her so. The very friends who admired and planned for her pleasure; at least she told herself defensively, she was not unappreciative of happiness, but—it seemed that one must pass on happiness if one would not later find "lonely hours." Natalie, her dark eyes wide and serious, considered the question. It seemed reasonable, one who did not share what one had was selfish, and selfish persons were not apt to be continually sought. She must share her happiness, then—in some way—strange that this had not occurred to her before. She turned impulsively to beckon to a white-faced girl who came wearily up the walk.

"Where do you live when you are at home, Freda?" said the newly awakened Natalie, "when you are not working at the hotel as waitress?"

Freda's pathetic blue eyes gazed wonderingly. "I live," answered Freda, "in a crowded part of the city that you would not know, where many families crowd in tenements. The visiting doctor found me this place to work during August, because my health was so poor. He was very kind. But in September I have to go back—the hotel then closes."

Freda half turned away.

"It must be nice," she added shyly, "to do as one pleases."

Natalie jumped to her feet.

"What an easy happiness to give," she said.

"I want to pass on some of my good fortune," Natalie explained. "And I did not know how to go about it. This is really my first good impulse. You must let me help to make your wish come true." It was doubtful as weeks passed, which of the two, mistress or maid, were beneficiary. For so Freda became, and in her rapidly returning strength was gratefully willing to return the kindness daily given. Natalie, again an unwilling eavesdropper, heard herself discussed. "She is beautiful and has undoubted charm," Wayne Southwick, the admired bachelor was saying, "but most society women are like that—no heart or stability beneath. I fight shy—don't want to run the risk of taking unto myself a wife of that class."

Natalie, with hot cheeks, made her way back to the hotel. So, because of her money they judged her. Rebellious tears rose to her eyes; the young house doctor of the hotel gave her a second glance as she paused in the lighted doorway.

Natalie felt all at once strange and sick. She approached the young doctor.

"I am ill, I think," she told him weakly; "will you see me?"

Nodding curtly, he led the way to a white fitted office, and he frowned as he took her temperature and pulse.

"Better get to bed at once," he advised her briefly.

It was Mrs. Gunther who first sounded the alarm. She had noticed Miss Brooks coming from the tumble-down house on the beach several days ago. That house now, to the horror of the guests, bore a smallpox sign. The doctor was called to the city during the day that Natalie developed a rash. After the chambermaid discovered this fact the young woman of fortune, might in her illness have been a pauper, for all the attention she received. Natalie, fevered in her great isolation room, looked up to see Freda bending over her. "Don't fret," Freda comforted. "I shall stay to care for you—I and the doctor when he comes."

Outside the door, later, she told the returned physician about her patient.

"She is always trying to share happiness," Freda said, "so she carried food and clothing to those people who are now sick. Every day she wishes to talk to you about helping me on to the nurse's profession. Please—"

begged the grateful Freda, "let us, you and I, make her well of this dread disease."

When the doctor looked up from the patient's blotched face, he actually laughed.

"Dread disease," he laughed; "this is chicken pox. It is prevalent in this section. But we will take care of her all right," the doctor added, with tenderness in his tone.

"To think," the fully restored Natalie told him some weeks later, "of all the good that came to me from my one good impulse. Freda, willing to risk her life in caring for me through what might have been a desperate sickness. And now—you here—" her voice broke in emotion.

"To have and to hold forever," the doctor finished cheerfully.

COPIED OLD ENGLISH BARREL

Pennsylvania Man Made First Standard Size Receptacle for the Transportation of Oil.

When crude oil was discovered in Pennsylvania in 1859, barrels commonly used for wine, beer, whisky, cider and other liquors were utilized by oil men as containers for their product. Anything that resembled a barrel was used and sizes differed so radically that there were many opportunities for fraud.

As an instance, it was discovered that frequently the staves were made extra thick, with the result that the content of the barrel was less than represented, and purchasers often found that they did not get as much crude oil as they were paying for.

In 1894-95 the first standard-size barrel was made by Samuel Van Syckle, at Miller Farm, near Titusville, Pa. It was of 42 gallons' capacity, the size fixed in 1461 in England for the herring barrel during the reign of Edward IV.

Van Syckle specified the size of the staves to be used and made an honest 42-gallon barrel. Almost immediately he had practically a monopoly of the business and the odd-size barrels gradually disappeared.

The present system of gauging oil tanks was started in 1895, when F. E. Hammond of Miller Farm, Pa., was asked if he could figure the amount of oil contained in each vertical foot of certain tanks. In a few days Hammond prepared a table of one of these tanks, showing the amount of oil it would hold per inch from bottom to top, based on a measurement of 42 gallons to the barrel. Hammond's table came into general use, and this method of measuring tanks never has changed.—Oil News.

SOME MEASURE OF SUCCESS

Collector Got His Half of Debt, but Creditor Is Wondering Where He Comes In.

A Vancouver man tells of a sea captain who, ashore, makes his home in that city, and who had loaned a sum of money to a neighbor. The latter, after the loan was a year or two old, made no effort to pay it.

Now, the captain began to look upon the debt as a bad one, indeed. On one occasion, however, upon his return from a voyage, he heard of a debt collector noted for his ability to extract money from such delinquents. Accordingly, the captain called upon this collector and advised of the circumstances.

"If," said the skipper, "you can collect that debt, I'll give you half of it."

The collector promised that the thing would be done. The captain sailed away on another voyage, and, on his return, sought out the collector again. "Any success with that bill?" he asked.

"Well," said the collector, "I haven't collected the whole of it; but I did collect my half. He hasn't paid me a cent since. I keep after him, but it's just as you said when you gave me the bill—he hasn't any conscience about it."

Modeling in Rags.

It was the fashion of a little time ago to think scorn of the woolwork screens, the paper flowers, or the wax figures made by the women of the past, but now they are eagerly sought and added to collections of articles illustrating home life.

History repeats itself, and to this busy athletic age has come a wave of the old finger-work fashion. Lately it was pictures made with feathers, now it is little figures made from rags. These last were the idea of Mme. Wolkoff, nee Princess Troubetskoy, formerly of the Russian imperial court, when at Petrograd, where the little figures were sold for the benefit of Russian soldiers. Since Mme. Wolkoff has been in England she has modeled little statuettes of well-known people, all in characteristic attitude and lifelike appearance. Odd pieces of rag have been manipulated to make these charming little figures, which vie with the paper modeling and the wax groups of the past.—Christian Science Monitor.

Breaking a Land-Clearing Record.

A total of 18,000 acres of land in Marinette county, Wisconsin, were cleared during the season of 1920. This is a record, and the increase will represent at least \$1,000,000 a year in crops. The closing of the task was marked by a great blast of an acre of stumps near Wausaukee. At this point 158 sticks of dynamite were set off simultaneously as an electric impulse was transmitted by a presiding official who closed a switch. A land clearing school and 57 educational meetings were part of the campaign that made their efforts so successful, and explosives to the extent of 14 carloads were used in the undertaking.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

White Gold as Platinum.

It is an easy matter for the metallurgist to make an alloy with gold as a basis that has all the appearance of platinum and in London, recently, a great many persons have been "taken in" by the composition, paying platinum prices for jewelry afterwards found to be an inferior material.

For Japanese Women.

An important advance toward the emancipation of Japanese womanhood was made recently when the house of representatives in Tokyo adopted a bill granting women the right to attend political meetings.

Mothers want what is best for babies. They are absolutely safe when they buy

VANTA BABY GARMENTS
Binders, Bands, Shirts, Gertrudes and Nighties

THE big feature of the Vanta line is no pins or buttons. Is recognized by mothers as a decided improvement in infants' underwear. Just as it was recognized and approved of by doctors and nurses ten years ago when the Vanta line was first placed on the market.

These cute little garments that tie with twistless tape are sold in the Infants' Department at—

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35 acres adjoining Ontario; one-fourth mile from paved street and a side-walk; ten minutes walk from City schools. 28 acres planted to Jonathan, Rome Beauty, Winesap and Arkansas Black trees eleven years old. Will sell with or without crop, as a whole or in five or ten acre tracts.

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ELECTRIC RANGE

We secured a limited number of these splendid electric ranges at less than regular wholesale price and are passing the saving on to our customers. These handsome large ranges will meet with every requirement in the home and will prove a blessing to every busy housewife.

TERMS OF \$10 DOWN
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Just \$10 is all that is required to put one of these efficient time savers in your home, and the balance can be paid in 12 installments, so you will hardly miss the money. Your range is soon paid for and it will return the value of purchase price many times during its years of service.

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LOCAL PERSONALS

H. A. Chapman, who with his wife and friends from Boise, spent his vacation in Bear Valley, Idaho, returned home Monday and is again on duty at the postoffice.

Miss Mildred Frost was here from the Oregon Slope this week visiting with her sister, Mrs. S. J. Brown.

H. K. Allen and wife have returned from a visit to their former home in Missouri.

Joe Bradbury, engineer on the Ontario-Brogan-Homedale train, has purchased a ten acre orchard tract near Fruitland, and will move his family there soon.

A shower was given to Miss Linda Artop at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Luscombe Friday, who on Monday became the bride of Mr. Percy Luscombe.

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5 acres bearing fruit orchard. New house, 5 rooms, electric lights and hot water in house. Good well and plenty of water, garage and outbuildings. 1 1/2 miles from postoffice. I would consider trade for modern house in town. Crops included. Inquire at Elk Cigar Store.

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